



So you want to be president?



125 9 13

Chapter 1 by Thomas Gleason

I found myself in that place. With the chattering ones. The yes men, The yes women. The ones who just say yes to you but plot evil behind your back. With there perfect teeth. Their marionette . Their perfect capped teeth. Their ventriloquist smiles.

"So you want to be president?" ... "So you want to be president?" They would ask, over and over.

"We will help you," So they hurried me off. Up the elevator and through the halls. Down the door ways, oh it was a ball. To the top of the tower we went. Hurried by the crowd, my gosh it was so loud.

Before I knew it I was out the door, outside. In the cold. Locked out.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



This, of course, was to be expected. The people of America had long grown tired of the boring nature of politics. So, being that this was the nation of the people, there was a movement to change it. No more caucuses. No more polls. No, instead of polite conversation and fist banging pundits, the American people had come up with an agreeable solution.

A ten week race for survival, publicized on every reality show television station known to the first world. On one hand, viewer rates for political news had never been higher.

Chapter 3 by Harlander



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It reminded me of my campaign slogan. "Finally, the unaccountable secret shadow government will work for YOU!"

I didn't know if the cannon fired real shells or not, but I was sure I'd find out soon.

A hatch opened on the front of the vehicle, and a head popped out, wearing one of those military helmets with the big mirrored visor. The head said something muffled.

"Say what?" I responded.

The figure raised its arms to its head and lifted the helmet off. It - no, she - swayed her head, letting a long blonde ponytail unravel, almost down to the floor.

I could only think of one thing to say. "How long does it take to wind your hair up to fit in the helmet?"

She lifted herself out of the vehicle - she was wearing a baggy set of olive-green overalls - hopped down to the ground and dashed over to me. "Hi there!" she said with a bright smile. "I'm your copilot!" She held out her hand to me, and I shook it.

Chapter 4 by Harlander



The race wasn't a traditional fixed route. You could start from wherever you wanted. I'd set off from my campaign bunker outside of Zzyzx, California. I was determined that this flyspeck nothingberg with a barely-pronouncable name would go down in history as the birthplace of a new American era.

The way the race worked was simple. As soon as you started, you'd receive a destination by radio. Get there by whatever route you could manage, and you'd get another destination, and so on. The first person to drive thirty-five thousand miles would be the winner.

The basic Stryker got about six miles to the gallon. Factor in the turbocharger and the frickin'

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My 'copilot' gave me a thumbs-up and a flash of her winning smile. She was what the newsblogs would call 'bubbly', and I could tell that the journey ahead was going to be fun. The Stryker's engine roared, and we were off!

Chapter 5 by Dan_K



The first 5 hours went well. I had cleaned out the entire car or stuff while Emily (The co-pilot's real name) was driving.

We looted a grocery store of food and supplies, which gave us plenty of food. I also had seen some solar panels, and being in the electrical background, decided to get them on our Stryker. After an hour of toiling with the panel, I finally got it down and attached it on my car. With the solar panel, I could have electricity in the moving vehicle, and I quickly got a mini fridge, microwave, and toaster in there.

5 hours, 12 minutes, 54 seconds into our trip. Our first encounter with other people vying for the prize. A truck formally used to carry money was spotted about 500 meters away on another road somewhere in Nevada. Great plan, I said to myself. The truck was very heavily protected, and completely bulletproof. But not Cannonproof! It was the first test for the tank gun. Time to find out if it was worth the weight.

It was obvious they could see us too. We were quickly pelted by hundreds of bullets coming from the left window of the truck. But they all missed, we were too far away. The drones that captured the live event were in for some great action tonight. I loaded the tank gun with a metal plate, a test for the real cannon bullets I had stored in the trunk.

"Slow down, Emily! I need to shoot 'em!" I shouted to my co-pilot.

We immediately stated slowing down, but just enough to not lose them.

Ready.....Aim.....BOOM! Our car jolted and was at a 30-degree angle with only 2 wheels on the ground from the huge blast the tank gun made. But it was worth it.

I had aimed at the side of the truck. so it would flin over they would have to get a new vehicle.

We would be disqualified if we killed or injured any of the people. The plan worked perfectly.

The plate hit exactly where I had aimed. A hole through the truck. Better yet, the force of it's hit was enough to flip the truck. A few barrel rolls before finally stopping upside down.

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But me happiness was short-lived.

"You got to see this." Emily said, muffled through her helmet.
I came over.

A huge fire, burning dark red, encompassing hundreds of square miles, was straight ahead.

Chapter 6 by Magic for the Damned



"Screw you guys! You'll never become President!" A voice yelled from above us.

I looked up. "Holy-"

A car floated over the fire, even now still belching out flames from its exhaust. Jet engines covered the bottom of the car as it shook from the effort of keeping itself upright.

"That's unfair!" I yelled at him. "Regulation states vehicles must be four-wheeled ground vehicles!"

"And are you suggesting a **CAR** *isn't* a four wheeled ground vehicle?" He laughed at me.

"Tch..."

"See ya, Prez!" He drove, no, *float*ed away.

"Dammit! We'll lose so much time if we go around this fire!" I complained.

"Y'know, boss." Emily spoke up. "I have an idea, but you're not gonna like it."

She was right. I didn't like it.

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